

THE SLUMP IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A GREAT many women write to newspapers for information as to the right method of keeping their husbands' love. Yet it is safe to say that the annals of no journal in the world contain record of any inquiry from a husband seeking similar enlightenment. This fact alone should prove the greater constancy of womankind. But surely these wives do not appreciate their blessings! The great problem in New York is not how to keep a husband, but how to secure one. They have solved, and so should rest entirely on their laurels and give the poor struggling spinsters the benefit of their experience and advice.

I know one good-looking woman over thirty whose days and nights and entire conversation are given to pondering the ways and means of getting a husband.

"New York men are all sports," she murmured, sadly, the other day. "And, besides, I don't seem to meet any." To the listener this wall of the husbandless is funny. But to the woman who is frankly tired of making a living, and for whom the idea of a husband represents merely the solution of the weekly bills, it is a grim specter that looks over her shoulder as the narrowing vista of old maidenhood opens before her. Women may be young by themselves. But age-loves—indeed, must have—company. There is no spectacle more pitiful than that of an old man or an old woman, friendless, loveless, childless, tottering down the slope to death alone.

Surveying their isolation, one cannot help thinking that even a bad husband, a worthless wife, is better than none at all, and wishing that the wives who seek advice on keeping their husbands would instead tell the forlorn spinsters how they got them.

I really believe they would if they knew. But the mood that prompts a man to matrimony is mysterious and compelling, and no man knows when it will come, no woman why. The best she can do is to recognize it and take the most of it before it flies.

It is a mood that haunts country lanes and hill-sides and langshires in the cities year after year. The age of matrimony in New York men and women grows, the number of bachelors and spinsters increases.

After a while the task of a new prophet may be that of finding ten marrying men within its precincts that the vengeance of Heaven may not be visited upon it—that is, unless the complaining married women cease complaining long enough to tell how they did it and put new life into the sagging market of matrimony.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

A WOMAN said to me recently: "It is not the sweet, innocent woman that a man will sacrifice everything for. It is the woman who can lie easily and deceive him all the time."

Recent events may have embittered this woman. I don't believe that she really believes that herself. In some cases, however, I must admit it seems to be very true.

But where it is true, if the woman deserves to be called a woman, she must certainly despise herself sooner or later—and a woman who despises herself has lost much that there is to live for.

As Mr. McCordell says, "A comfortable lie is better than the truth"—sometimes, but not always. The relations of husband and wife being rather close, there is always a chance of being found out—then it is as uncomfortable as can be imagined.

Don't think that a big deception found out is worse than a little one. The mere fact that it is a deception is enough for most men and they begin to look for things. About this time everything looks suspicious, too.

It is wiser in the long run to own up to a foolish or indiscreet thing than to deny it or try to hide it.

Of course you shouldn't do it in the first place. Certainly not. But if you do, tell the truth and keep the man's confidence. Some women will say: "Yes, tell him the truth and lose him, sure as the world." Well, that kind ought not to marry anyway.

A great deal has been said about the intuition of women. They do not possess all the intuition in the world, though. The men have a large bulk of intuition, and when it begins working it works overtime. Nearly all the successful detectives are men, remember.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World Post-Office Box 1251, New York.

He Wants to Wait.

Dear Betty: I AM in love with a nice young fellow and would like to marry him, but am afraid that it will be very long before we can marry. He thinks we should wait a year. I don't think so. I have known him two months and I know I would make a fine wife for him. I have an easy disposition.

N. D. You must let him do the arranging. Do not be so anxious or you will surely lose him entirely.

Why Not Ask Her?

Dear Betty: I AM very much in love with a young girl. We have known each other for three years, but she goes out with other fellows when I am not around. Can I trust her as my wife?

FRANK B. Talk with her about it. You cannot expect her to receive your attentions exclusively unless you are engaged to her.

'Mouth Buttons in the Back.'

Dear Betty: I LOVE a young man who has by no means an Apollo. He has red hair and a big puffy mouth, which my friends often make fun of. I do not mind that very much, but what I do mind is this: He is conceited and strong-headed. To illustrate: At the boarding-house where he is now stopping, he comes down to the dining-room with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows (of course with his coat off). The young lady who sits opposite to him objected to it, and he told her that if she didn't like it she would have to arrange to have her meals served at some other time, as he proposed to have comfort no matter what anybody thought. He still continues to come down in his shirt sleeves, and furthermore don't speak to the young lady that objected to his coming down that way. I would like to have your opinion as to whether it would be advisable for me to marry him. I have a somewhat tender regard for him, but my friends say he has a mouth that buttons in the back, and all such hateful things, which sometimes make me feel sad.

PERPLEXED. Such a man has all the qualifications for making you very miserable. A man to marry is one who has great consideration and respect for women.

She Brought Her Friend. DEAR BETTY: THE other evening, when I was at a friend's house, I met a young man whom I love very dearly. He also seems to think a great deal of me. The other evening I, with my girl friend, met him and he was very cool toward me. Do you think it was because the young girl was with me, or because he does not wish to keep up our acquaintance?

C. S. I think he did not like the idea of another girl along when he expected to see you alone.

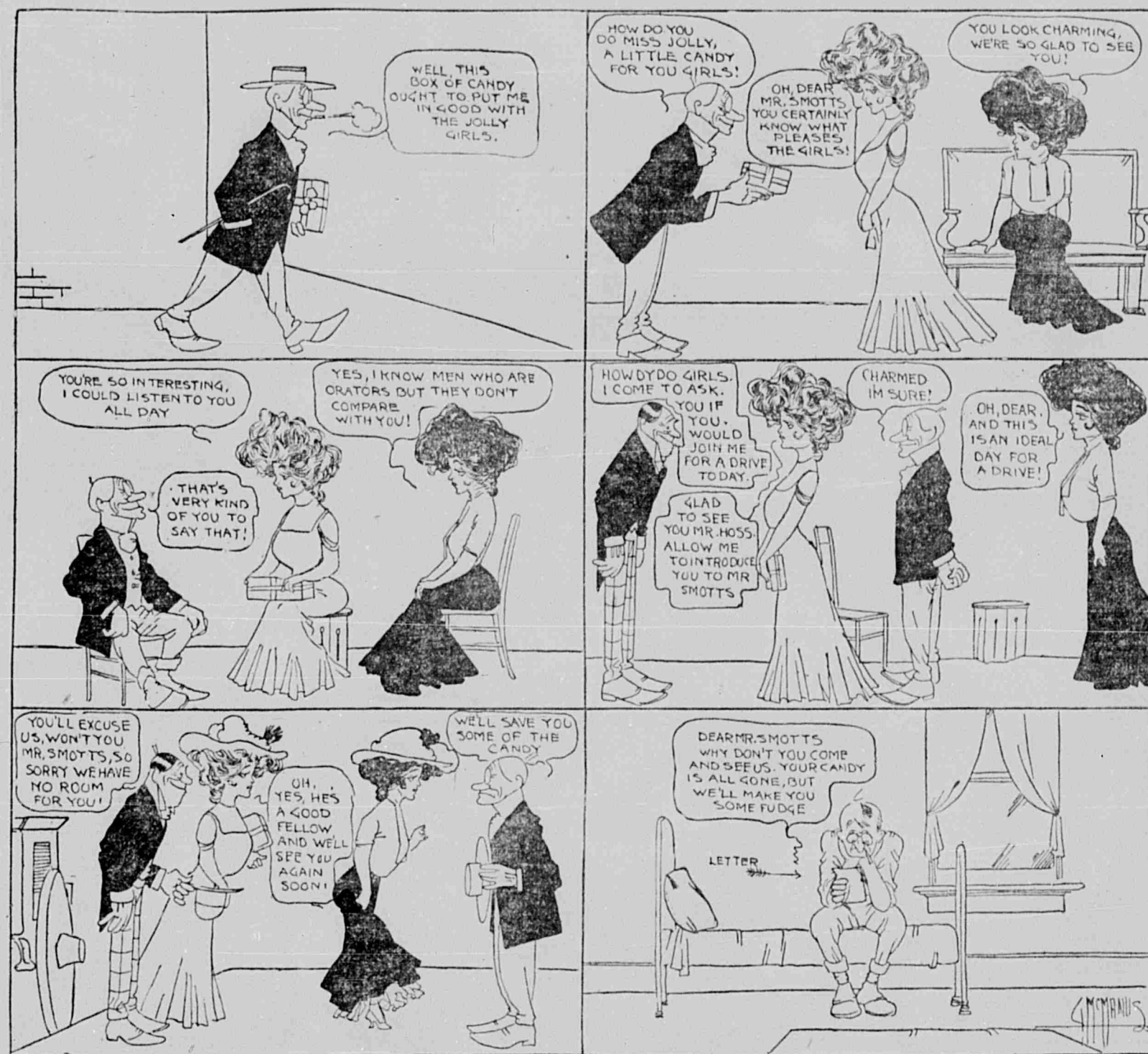
Has a Bad Disposition. DEAR BETTY: I HAVE been associating with a gentleman whom I love beyond telling. When he is in good humor, he says he loves me more than any one in the world, and that if we were to part there never could be any one to take my place. However, when we quarrel, he constantly threatens to leave me, and I am heartbroken, as I cannot live without him. What shall I do?

TEARFUL. Can't you train him a little? Do not quarrel with him. He cannot quarrel by himself.

Is He Perfidious? DEAR BETTY: MET a man and he came to the house several times, but one evening he did not keep his promise and call. He met a friend of mine and said that he had been ill for some time and that he had no opportunity to apologize by letter, but he sent the apology by her and said that he wished to call and that he would not forget to write. Occasionally my sisters and I have sociables at our home, and never hearing from this young man, I would like to invite him to one of our sociables, but he is very proud and proper and I am in doubt as to what I ought to do.

ADELE. He does not act as if he cared for you. I would not write him. Let him make the advances.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



TABBY TALKS

By Alice Rohe



"WELL, dear, I'm dressed up you look! I thought at first that town was silk." "But it IS silk, dear." "Silk? Goodness me! It looks like gingham." "Really, dear, you are getting terribly passe, living up in Harlem. You ought to keep up with the new dress materials. These silks are ghastly." "Of course, when one is not used to what's what, though, one should not be blamed." "That reminds me of such a funny thing Mrs. Brown Jones said about you, dearest. It was about the way you buy your hats over on Sixth Avenue and then see in that old Paris label you got out of that hat Mrs. Parvane gave you five summers ago. Mrs. Brown Jones says the Paris market must be so full of needleholes by now that it can hardly hold together." "Mrs. Brown Jones certainly knows all the tricks of the trade, dearest. Perhaps that accounts for the Fifth Avenue makers' names you always find in her One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street clothes." "She is clever, and there isn't a chance she lets go by to sneak a small firm name, is there? She ought not to give the snap away, though, sweetheart, for something she might meet a man who would believe her bluff." "That's a real pretty hat you have on, dearest. Did you trim it yourself? You are so handy. Got it on Fifth Avenue? Oh, I beg your pardon." "Don't mention it, dear. I couldn't expect you to know." "Good-by, dear." "Good-by, darling."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

'Watered' Stock.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Here is a query in physics which I should like to see answered by scientific readers: A claims that there is a small percentage of water in every substance, even in the finest tempered steel. B claims that there is water only in such substances as meat, fruit, &c. How about it? PETER R.

A Model Couple.

To the Editor of The Evening World: My husband is twenty-three and I am nineteen years old; we have been married nearly three years and during that time my husband's salary has never been over \$50 per month. We live in a steam-heated flat, entertain according to our means, dress inexpensively, but well, and have good substantial meals. We are paying \$6 per month on our furniture and have saved \$100 for a trip to my husband's home. I gnaw all my own clothes, and do all I can for our home. My husband has just received a \$1 per month raise. We intend to bank that for a nest egg. My husband and I love each other dearly and are quite willing to give up expensive pleasures as long as we have each other. How any reader do better? C. J. D.

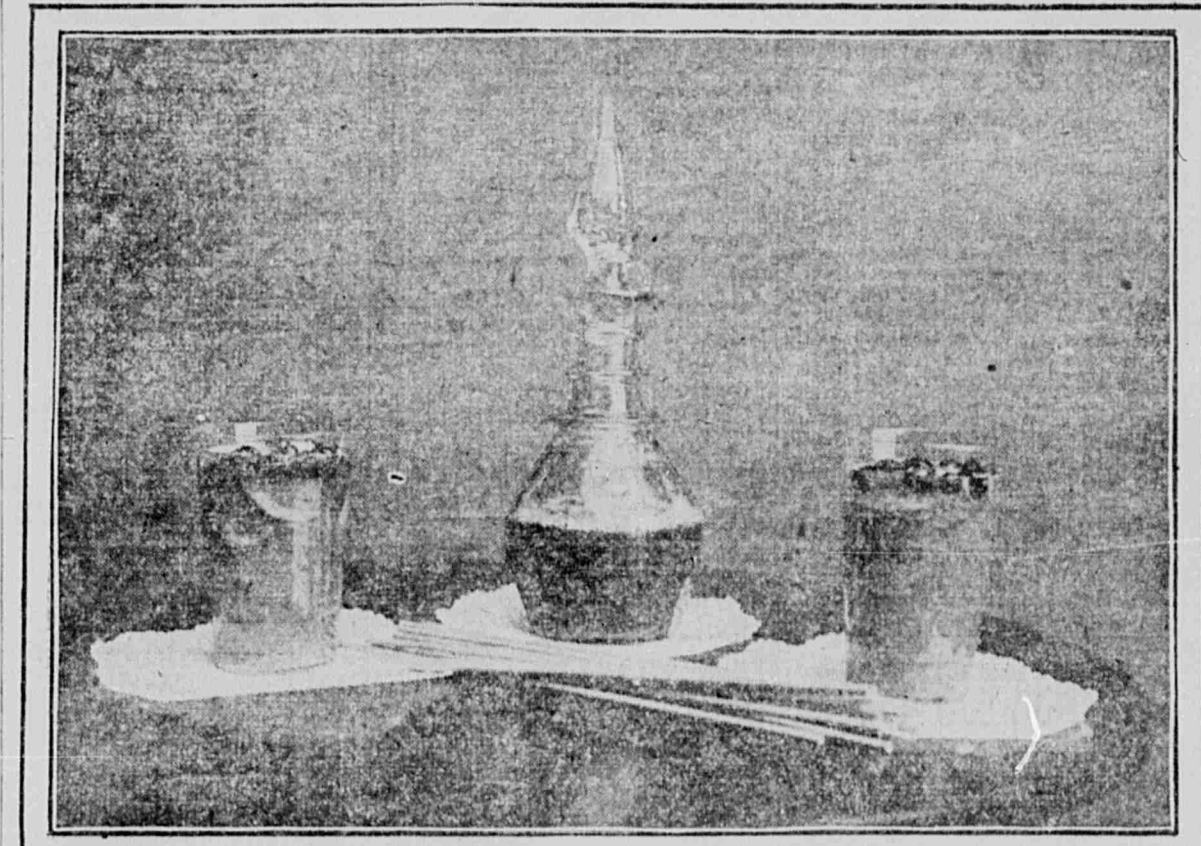
Infrequent Cars.

To the Editor of The Evening World: With a charter given them by the people of the City of New York, I wonder why these giving that charter submit to as few cars an hour (occasionally five) on surface lines through Sixth Avenue to South Ferry. I waited for a car at Sixth Avenue and Waverly place to-day for fifteen minutes on that route, and it is a frequent occurrence. S. H. C.

Which Side Up?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to ask readers who are "up" on superstitions which is the correct way to hang a horseshoe over the door, ends toward the ceiling or toward the floor? N. Y. C.

Fruit Punch, a Simple and Delicious Summer Drink.



THERE are numerous ways of making fruit punch. Lemonade is the foundation of this, as of most summer drinks. To this add: Sliced oranges or pineapples and the juice of raspberries or blackberries. Cherries and strawberries are put into it whole. Some of the fruit is put into the glasses and the fruit juices poured over it. This may be served in a bowl or decanter. Another way to make fruit punch is as follows: A quarter of a box of gelatine, same quantity of water, one cupful of strawberry juice, juice of one orange, one cupful of cherries or pineapple and the juice of one lemon. Cover the gelatine with cold water and let it stand one-half hour. Dissolve over hot water, cook the sugar and water to a syrup until it spins a thin thread. Take from the fire and add the fruit juices and gelatine. Turn at once into the freezer, but do not begin to turn the freezer until the punch begins to freeze. Let it stand to ripen before serving.

Snowballs. WASH one cup rice and put in double boiler with one pint of milk; boil until tender and add one teaspoonful of salt and put in small cups to cool. When cold turn out on deep dish and pour soft custard sauce over them.

Escalloped Onions. PEELED and boiled in salted water a sufficient quantity of onions. When tender drain and place in a shallow dish and cover with fine cracker crumbs. Pour over all a cup of white sauce (more if you have many onions) and bake twenty minutes.

Black Chocolate Cake. HALF-CUP butter creamed, 2 cups sugar, 2 eggs, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 1-2 teaspoonful vanilla, 2-3 cup shaved chocolate, pour over 1-2 cup of boiling water, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in same, 1-2 cup sour milk, 2 cups flour. Frosting for same—Six tablespoons sweet cream or milk, 1 cupful sugar, 1 square chocolate, salt. Boil till it hairs, add vanilla, beat smooth. Not too long, as it hardens very quickly after beginning to thicken.

English Muffins. DISSOLVE one yeast cake in one pint of warm water; add one teaspoon salt. Add enough sifted bread flour to make a thick drop batter. Stir one tablespoon melted butter and beat hard; set in a warm place and beat light; then, having the kiddle moderately hot, lay on it rings well greased and drop in enough batter to half fill them. Do not turn until almost cooked through, then slip off the rings and brown on the other side.

Special Announcement—A handsome supplement will be issued with The Evening World June 30, containing a color page of May Manton Summer Fashions of interest to women.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

THE SERMONS OF A SINNER.

By Roy L. McCordell.

Text: The Pleasures of Pessimism.



DEARLY BELOVED, now while the weather is warm and the irritations of the Complex Life are augmented by our old foe, General Humidity, consider the pleasures of those temperamentally trained to live without fear and without hope.

Optimism is only exaltation, and the higher our fancies climb the further they have to fall back.

Beware of the mirage of good times to come. Hiding on to Hope too tight we find it changes to disappointment under the pressure of our grasp.

It is better to expect nothing and be agreeably surprised than to set our hearts on things that are not to be.

The ring at the door that we think is the call of Maecenas to take us out to dinner is generally the bill collector who doesn't care how loud he talks.

And yet how we ever run to answer the bell! We wait impatient when the letter-carrier is late, but the mail brings nothing but circulars from those who would sell us something or hard luck letters from home. And yet we ever await the mail.

The mysterious stranger who will not state his name or business is never the announcer of the fact that we have fallen heir to a fortune. We walk into his arms and he serves us with a subpoena.

The ringing of the telephone bell is only the call of a pest of too many varieties to describe.

Out of ten thousand unpleasant letters one comes with good news; out of a myriad of callers one-tenth of 1 per cent. means something good for you, the rest are calling for something good for themselves. How much better to have no address and so have neither callers nor correspondence, no telephone and no time wasting words by wire!

Always does beguiling Hope bring us to the door in the thought that some one has driven up in an auto with a million dollars, when it is only the gas man with the notice that if the bill isn't paid in three days the company will take out the meter.

Without Fear and without Hope, Dearly Beloved, believe us 'tis best.

We had a friend once who got along splendidly on the theory that every one he met was a scoundrel. If they were, he was guarded against them; if they were not, how pleasant to find he was mistaken!

Without Fear and without Hope! That is something more sensible than ever-deluding Optimism. Without fear, we care not what comes; without hope, what enraging can we feel when we expected nothing?

Those who pass up the chances of to-day for the gifts to be given to-morrow are like unto those who depend upon "something to turn up." Lo, they walk forth and step upon a hoop!

Wise men make more opportunities than they find. What you do for yourself will be well done; what you expect others to do for you will not be done at all.

Without Fear and without Hope! Happy in what you have and building not upon what you expect; for those who expect nothing get something, and those who expect everything get nothing, for the Gods of Good Fortune love best those who despise them!

OUR GIRLS.

By Helen Stilwell.

YOUNG MARY ANN was troubled with a very shiny nose. She struck a beauty counter, though. And what do you suppose? She bought a bag called "Vanity." With powder in all shades. Her nose now gives a marshmallow All kinds of cards and epigrams.

Our Lucy's hair was very straight, And always stood on end. She worked for hours in every way To try to make it bend. But now on kids and curling irons Her brother's goat does lunch; For all this season, don't you know, She buys curls by the bunch.

Dear Mary, so short-waisted (And her waist so hard and firm), Has tried for many years into a "Twenty-one" to squirm. Now, all the latest fashion books Call forth a beaming smile, Because she sees the waist line Ascending all the while.

How Nellie, with her ankles large, Worked with them, none can tell; She bound them up at night with rags, And worked both long and well. One day her grandma told her To try a rocking-chair; From constant exercising thus None with her can compare.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERY fresh variation of the lingerie blouse is certain to be met with enthusiasm, for no woman ever yet had a sufficient supply. This one is as simple as it is dainty and is exceedingly attractive, while at the same time it involves comparatively little labor in the making. As shown the material is Persian lawn with trimming of embroidered banding and frills. All the lingerie fabrics are appropriate, with the exception of lace or embroidery as liked, while also the model will be found desirable for the thin silks that are made after the same general style as the wash waists. The lines given by the tucks and the trimming are exceedingly becoming ones and the sleeves are in the most comfortable of all lengths, terminating just below the elbows. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3-4 yards 21, 3 yards 27 or 1-2 yards 34, 44 inches wide, with 1-2 yards of insertion 3 inches wide. Pattern No. 5394 is cut sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch bust measure.

Tucked Lingerie Blouse—Pattern No. 5394.

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HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

For Dandruff.



Minnie—The condition of dandruff is by no means incurable, but it is dependent on the health generally and the care of the hair. Perfect cleanliness is the first thing to insure. A good shampoo every week or ten days is not too often where the hair is exposed to a good deal of dust, and this shampoo may be of the yolk of egg beaten up in lime-

water. When this is used great care must be taken to wash out the hair in clean water and thoroughly dry the scalp.

Cracking Joints.

M. A. C.—Rub the joints every night with glycerine, using a good deal of the oil. It will probably relieve the difficulty.

Health's Aid to Beauty.

R. R.—Eat only what agrees with you, moderate well and do not drink water during or with your meals, but take plenty of pure fresh water between meals.

Black Pudding.

ONE cupful of molasses, one of butter, one of sugar, one of sour milk, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, one grated nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of soda. Beat the butter and sugar together, add the eggs and sugar, then the sour milk, and soda dissolved in a little hot water. Stir in the flour. Put in a buttered pudding dish and steam two hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Crust for Short Cake.

TAKE one quart of flour and add to it two teaspoonfuls of soda and two of cream tartar. Sift two or three times and rub into it a lump of

butter the size of an egg. Add a pint of sour milk and work smooth with as little kneading as possible. Roll out to half-inch in thickness, place in shallow square baking pan and bake in brisk oven for twenty minutes. When done put in cloth with pan turned over it for five minutes to soften. Split open, butter and put fruit between and on top.

Black Chocolate Cake.

HALF-CUP butter creamed, 2 cups sugar, 2 eggs, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 1-2 teaspoonful vanilla, 2-3 cup shaved chocolate, pour over 1-2 cup of boiling water, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in same, 1-2 cup sour milk, 2 cups flour. Frosting for same—Six ta-